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# EDITOR'S PAGE

We are very proud and happy to present in this issue two features which, we hope, will continue regularly.

First—NICK CARTER. Nick is now on the radio. Each Tuesday night you can tune in this greatest of mystery-detective dramas on the Mutual network. Consult your local newspaper for time and station, for Nick is being broadcast by 208 different stations. And read NICK CARTER each month in DOC SAVAGE COMICS.

Second—HUCKLEBERRY FINN. We have made arrangements with "Dwig" to draw for us eight pages a month of this most popular American character.

You and your parents will enjoy both of these truly great American features.

And then, of course, we continue with the old regulars: DOC SAVAGE, GOBS OF FUN and the CROCODILE QUEEN.

This month we introduce one of the greatest characters in baseball, Branch Rickey, President of the Brooklyn Dodgers. Any young athlete will particularly appreciate the advice Branch gives in his letter.

And next month DOC SAVAGE takes you on an early Egyptian adventure, that contains a thrill in each drawing, NICK CARTER tells us of THE TURKEY THAT DIDN'T COME TO DINNER but was the key to a most mysterious murder, and HUCKLEBERRY FINN carries on his adventures in the SHANTY BOAT.

The Editor.

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10c THE COPY

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# DOC SAVAGE

The  
MAN OF  
BRONZE

## Rocket Ship Adventure!



### IS TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION?

MYRTLE ROSE, DOC SAVAGE'S SECRETARY, HEARD THE FOLLOWING STORY AND HAD THIS TO SAY, "I DON'T KNOW ABOUT IT BEIN' STRANGER, BUT IT SURE IS SCREWIER!"

THE FOLLOWING IS THE STORY OF A ROCKET SHIP, PILOTED BY DOC AND MONK INTO OUTER SPACE, WHERE, ACCORDING TO DOC, THEIR STRANGEST ADVENTURE TOOK PLACE.....

BUT THE STORY OPENS IN DOC SAVAGE HEADQUARTERS WHERE MYRTLE IS FINISHING AN ALL NIGHT VIGIL THAT HAS HER NERVES ON EDGE!



24 HOURS THEY'VE BEEN GONE IN THAT CRAZY ROCKET SHIP AND NOT A SINGLE WORD FROM THEM... OH-WHY DID I LET THE BIG GOOFS GO....

JUMPING OFF THE EARTH!  
FLYING INTO SPACES....  
ISN'T THERE ENOUGH TROUBLE  
RIGHT HERE WITHOUT GOING  
OFF THIS EARTH TO LOOK FOR  
MORE! BUT TRY AND  
TELL THEM THAT... HUH!



SOB...MONK! DOC! I'LL  
NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN...SOB!  
I CAN JUST SEE YOU BOTH -  
GRABBIN' THE TAIL OF SOME  
OLE COMET AN' BEIN PULLED  
THROUGH SPACE FOREVER  
...SOB...SOB



MYRTLE....  
MYRTLE...  
COME HERE.  
HURRY!







D-DOC!  
M-MONK!

STOP GAPI-  
GET THIS CHUTE  
OFF ME!



WHERE HAVE YOU  
BEEN? WHAT  
HAPPENED TO MONK?  
IS HE ALIVE?

I'LL TELL  
YOU ALL ABOUT  
IT WHEN WE  
GET MONK  
FIXED UP...  
HURRY!

LATER....



WH-WHERE AM I?...  
WHAT HAPPENED?  
HOW DID I GET  
ALL BEAT UP  
LIKE DIS??

DON'T YOU  
KNOW?

YOU MEAN  
YOU'VE  
FORGOTTEN  
EVERYTHING,  
MONK?

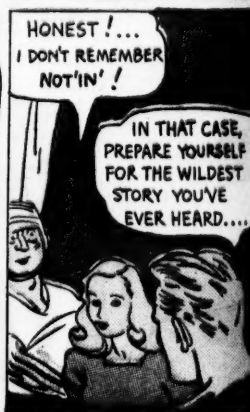
G-GOSH...THE LAST T'ING I  
REMEMBERS IS GETTIN' INTO  
THE ROCKET SHIP AN' YOU  
SAYIN' "WE'RE OFF!"....  
EVERYTH'G ELSE IS A BLANK!



WELL, DOC?  
I HOPE YOU  
HAVEN'T  
FORGOTTEN?

I GOTTA HAVE SOMEONE  
TELL ME HOW I GOT HALF  
MOIDERED, SO I CAN GO  
BACK AND GET EVEN!...

H-M-M-M....  
YOU'RE SURE YOU  
DON'T REMEMBER  
A SINGLE  
THING?



HONEST!...  
I DON'T REMEMBER  
NOT'IN'!

IN THAT CASE,  
PREPARE YOURSELF  
FOR THE WILDEST  
STORY YOU'VE  
EVER HEARD....

TELL  
ABOUT  
N WE  
MONK  
UP...  
RY!

YOU RECALL HOW WE  
STARTED, TO TEST-FLIGHT  
THE SECRET ROCKET SHIP  
I INVENTED FOR THE  
GOVERNMENT?...HOW WE  
GOT READY AND TOOK OFF?

YEAH!...  
BUT DAT'S  
ALL I  
REMEMBER!



"OUR TAKE-OFF WAS PERFECT-WE QUICKLY  
REACHED A SPEED OF 300 MILES PER  
SECOND AND WERE WELL OUT OF THE  
PULL OF EARTH'S GRAVITATION....."



"EVEN THOUGH IT WAS MID-DAY-EVERYTHING  
WAS BLACK OUT THERE IN THE ETHER....  
FOR THERE WAS NO ATMOSPHERE TO  
REFLECT AND CARRY THE LIGHT....."



DIS IS DE BABY, DOC!  
SHE'S EVERYTHING  
A ROCKET SHIP  
SHOULD BE!

I THINK YOU'RE  
RIGHT, MONK...  
WE'VE TESTED AND  
PROVED HER SO LET'S  
GET BACK TO  
TERRA-FIRMA!...

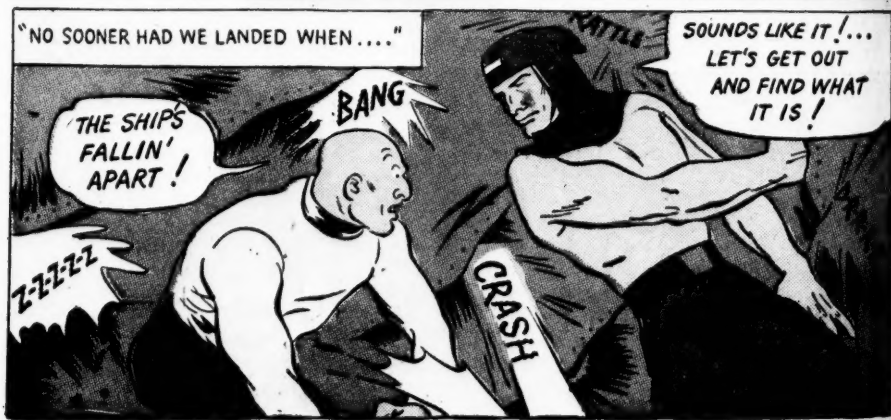


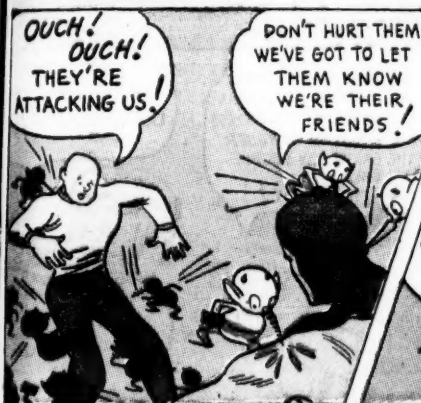
"BUT BEFORE WE COULD TURN-WE WERE BEING  
BOMBARDED BY A FIELD OF METEORS AND PLANETOIDS!"

GET US OUTA  
HERE, DOC!

CAN'T!  
GRAVITATION'S TOO  
STRONG-PULLS US  
LIKE MAGNETS!





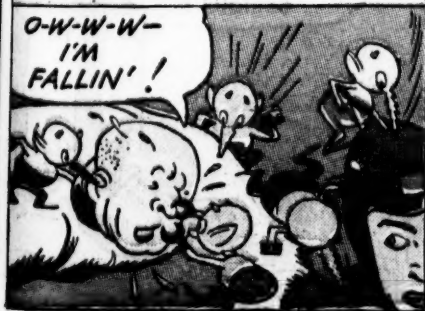


**DON'T HURT THEM!  
WE'VE GOT TO LET  
THEM KNOW  
WE'RE THEIR  
FRIENDS!**



**\* THE LITTLE DEVILS SWARMED OVER US LIKE  
A COLONY OF MAN-EATING ANTS! DRILLING,  
SAWING, PINCHING, POUNDING UNTIL WE  
WERE HALF CRAZY WITH PAIN.....! \***

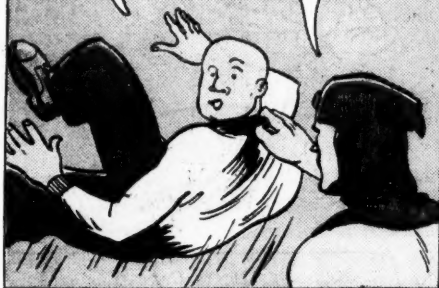
**\* WHEN MONK TOUCHED THE GROUND, HE  
BOUNCED HIGH IN THE AIR BECAUSE THE  
GRAVITY PULL IS SO LIGHT ON SUCH A  
TINY PLANET..... \***



"WHEN HE CAME DOWN~AND STARTED TO BOUNCE OFF AGAIN, I GRABBED HIM . . . ."

ULP! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO ME? I'M AS LIGHT AS A FEATHER!

YOU MAY WEIGH 200 LBS. ON EARTH~ BUT YOU ONLY WEIGH ABOUT 50 LBS. HERE.



"BUT THE ONE WHO SEEMED TO BE A COMBINATION OF ALL FORMS OF GREMLINS, AND THEIR LEADER, QUICKLY SPOKE UP. . . ."

I HEARD YOU, EARTHMEN!... AND YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME!...GREMLINS AN' EARTH PEOPLE ARE NATURAL ENEMIES!

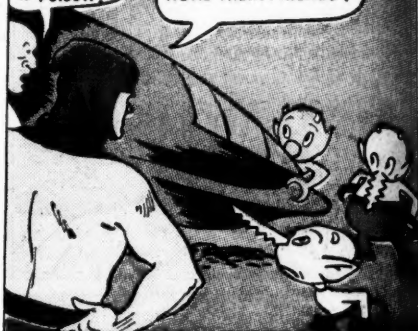
BUT THERE'S NO NEED FOR THIS~ WE CAN BE FRIENDS!



"FORTUNATELY, MONK'S BOUNCING FRIGHTENED THE GREMLINS OFF FOR A MINUTE -"

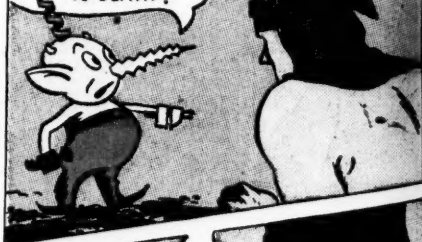
LET'S GET OUTA HERE, DOC! THEM LITTLE THINGS IS POISON!

NO~WE'VE GOT TO MAKE THEM SEE WE'RE THEIR FRIENDS!



IMPOSSIBLE~THE NATURAL RESOURCES OF GREMLONIA ARE GIVING OUT AND UNLESS WE GREMLINS CONQUER THE EARTH~MY PEOPLE WILL STARVE TO DEATH!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND!



H-M-M-M-M- THAT IS SERIOUS!

THERE'S NO MORE OIL FOR "SUCKERS" TO DRINK, NO MORE PIPES FOR "DRILLERS" TO DRILL, NO MORE WOOD FOR "SAWERS" TO SAW, NO MORE NAILS FOR "POUNDERS" TO POUND, AND NO MORE BOLTS FOR "WRENCHERS" TO WRENCH!





AND THAT IS WHY  
I'VE BEEN SENDING  
MY GREMLINS SLOWLY  
DOWN TO EARTH  
WHERE THEY FEED ON  
AIRPLANES AND  
FATORIES!

DEY SURE HAS  
BEEN CAUSIN' A  
LOT OF  
TROUBLE!

INSTEAD OF  
ENDANGERIN' YOUR  
GREMLINS' LIVES, WHY  
NOT LET US SEND YOU  
PIPES, WOOD, NUTS AND  
BOLTS AND OIL SO YOU  
CAN STAY ON  
GREMLONIA

YOU MEAN SORT  
OF...OF...LEND  
LEASE?  
H-M-M-M-M-

SOUNDS FAIR ENOUGH....  
EXCEPT FOR ONE THING.  
THERE ARE CERTAIN  
EARTHMEN DOWN THERE WHO  
WE GREMLINS JUST DON'T  
LIKE...THEY CALL THEM-  
SELVES **NAZIS**  
AND **JAPS**!

YOU GOTTA  
LET US  
**GREMLINIZE**  
'EM OR IT'S NO  
DEAL!

THEN IT'S A  
DEAL BECAUSE  
THE DECENT EARTH  
PEOPLE DON'T LIKE  
THEM ANY MORE  
THAN YOU DO!

WHILE YOU'RE  
**GREMLINIZIN'**  
'EM, KINGO, WE  
IS **PULVERIZIN'**  
'EM!

SO YOU MADE A  
DEAL WITH THE  
GREMLINS?...YOU CAN  
TELL THAT TO YOUR  
UNCLE ALPHAPPA!

**WHATA  
STORY!**

DON'T YOU  
BELIEVE IT  
EITHER,  
MONK?

I DON'T  
KNOW YET-  
EVEN THOUGH  
IT'S SUPPOSED  
TO HAVE  
HAPPENED  
TO ME!

WELL-GO ON-  
MIGHT AS WELL  
HEAR THE REST  
OF THIS  
NIGHTMARE!

I'LL IGNORE YOUR  
INSULT AND CONTINUE  
FOR MONK'S BENEFIT...  
WELL, WE DIDN'T KNOW  
IT-BUT AT THIS  
MOMENT SOMEWHERE  
IN GERMANY...

"HITLER WAS DEEP IN CONVERSATION WITH CAPTAIN GRIPPUS, THE NAZI ROCKET SHIP EXPERT...."



FROM NOW ON IT UP TO YOU ISS, CAPTAIN DRIPPUS... ROCKET TO GREMLONIA UNT BLOW UP DERE WHOLE PLACE!



I VILL ALSO MAKE SLAFES UFF DERE GREMLINS UNT BRING DEM BACK TO MAKE UP FOR OUR LABOR UNT TOOL SHORTAGE SO VE CAN SEND MORE GERMAN INTO BATTLE TO GET KILLED FOR YOU!

"AND A FEW MINUTES LATER, HITLER PERSONALLY SAW HIS ROCKET SHIP TAKE OFF....!"



"AND AS THE PLANETOID OF GREMLONIA, CARRYING US, FLASHED THROUGH THE ETHER, THE BLACK ROCKET SHIP CARRYING ITS MEN OF HATE AND DESTRUCTION SPED OUT TO MEET US....!"

"WE WERE UNAWARE OF THE APPROACHING DANGER AS THE GREMLINS HELPED US FIX OUR TAIL-FIN."

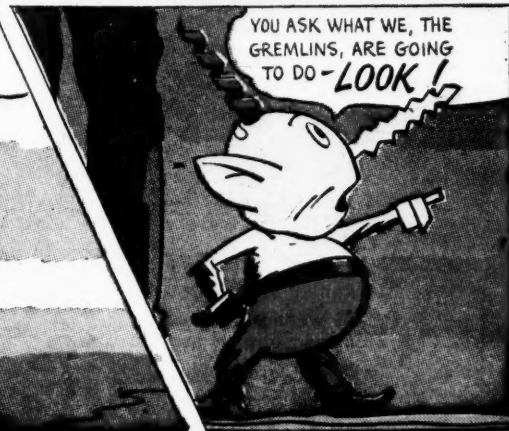
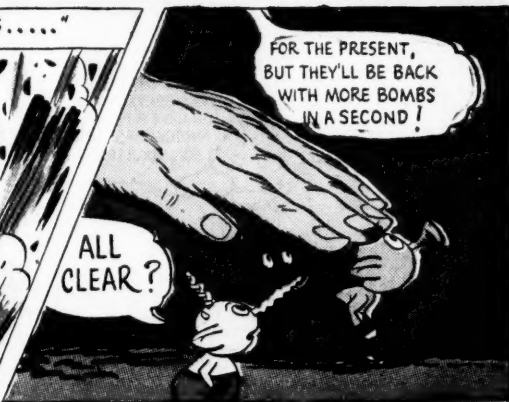


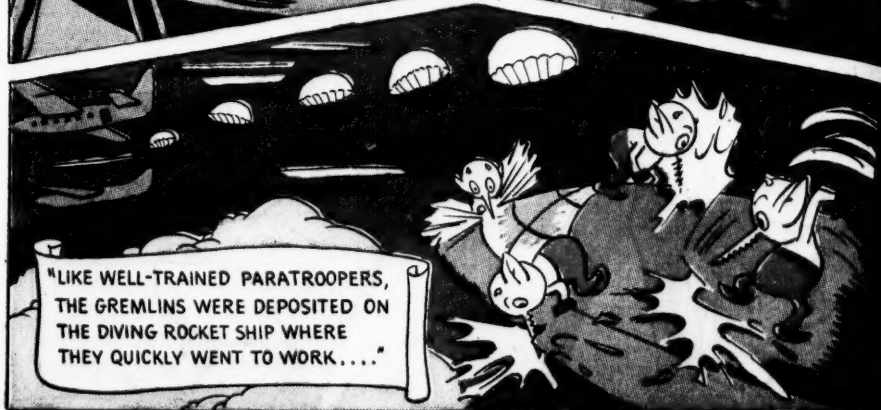
"SUDDENLY WE HEARD A WHINING SCREAM; LOOKED UP AND SAW...."

IT'S THOSE BLASTED  
**NAZIS!**  
THEY'VE FOUND  
GREMLONIA!



"THE NAZIS BEGAN DROPPING BOMBS....."

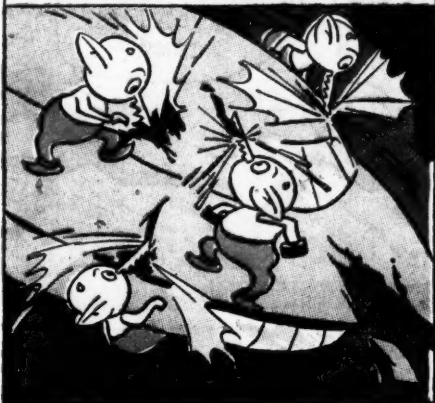




"FIRST THE 'DRILLERS' AND 'WRENCHERS' WENT TO WORK ON THE TAIL-FINS, BREAKING THEM OFF!"



"THEN THE 'SAWERS' WENT TO WORK ON THE ENTIRE BODY...."



"WHEN THE PLATES BROKE FREE AND THE STARTLED NAZI HEADS APPEARED, THE 'HAMMERS' WENT TO WORK...."



THE LITTLE GREMLINS WON!

THEY DID ALMOST AS MUCH DAMAGE IN A COUPLE OF MINUTES AS A BOMB WOULD DO!

OH-WE'RE JUST AS DESTRUCTIVE AS BOMBS WHEN WE WANT TO BE ONLY NOT SO NOISY OR MESSY!



"SUDDENLY..."

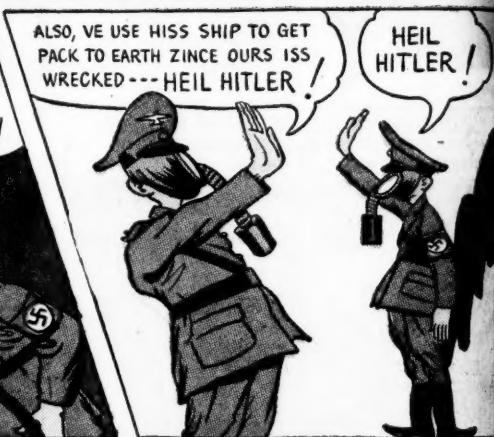
WHAT'S DAT?

IT'S COMING FROM THE CRASHED NAZI ROCKET SHIP!

MY GREMLINS ARE DYING LIKE FLIES!

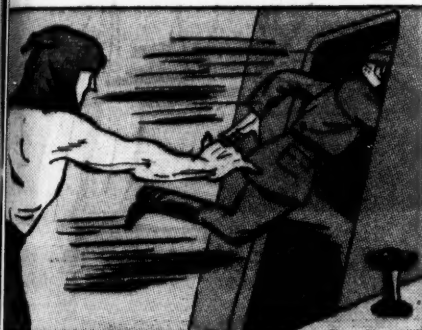








"SUDDENLY, THEY BOLTED FOR A DOOR BEHIND THEM, LEADING INTO THE PILOT ROOM..."



BLAST MY LUCK!



"SLEEPING GAS"...THAT MEANS THE GREMLINS AREN'T DEAD... JUST ASLEEP. I WONDER WHAT SUDDENLY MADE THE NAZIS ALMOST MERCIFUL!



"WHILE I WAS SHUTTING OFF THE GAS, THE NAZIS WERE BUSY IN THE PILOT ROOM, SETTING A SUICIDE BOMB BUILT INTO THE SHIP..."

DESE ZUICIDE BOMBS GO OFF VAST, CAPTAIN...

ZINCE I PULT DIS SHIP, I FIXED IT SO DERE ISS A LITTLE TIME TO CHANGE YOUR MIND. VE VILL HAFF TIME TO GET AWAY... DON'T VORRY!





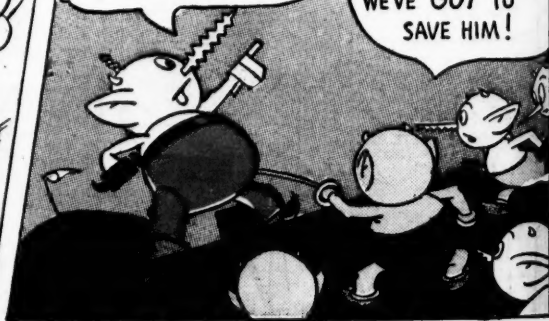
"I FOUND MYSELF HURTLING THROUGH SPACE - THE PULL OF GRAVITY ON THAT SMALL PLANETOID WAS TOO LIGHT TO BRING ME BACK ...."



"BUT KINGO WAS ON HIS TOES"

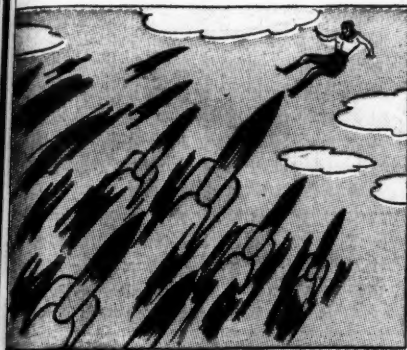
**GREMLINS!... TO THE SPACE SHIPS!** WE'VE GOT TO SAVE SAVAGE OR OUR LEND LEASE DEAL IS OFF!

WE'LL SAVE HIM! - HE'S OUR **MEAL TICKET** WE'VE GOT TO SAVE HIM!



LLIANT  
CTION!

"SECONDS LATER, 10 TINY SPACE SHIPS  
THAT THE GREMLINS USED TO SHUTTLE  
BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN EARTH AND  
GREMLONIA WERE ZOOMING INTO THE AIR...."

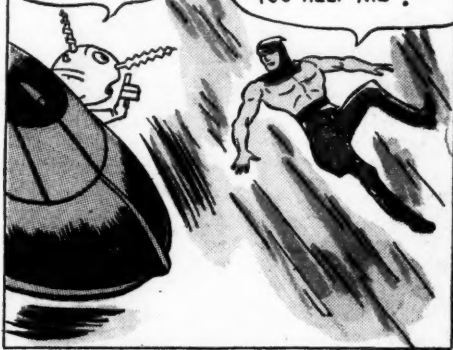


JUST WATCH US....  
**GREMLINS!**  
TAKE POSITIONS  
TO TOW  
DERELICT!



YOU  
ALL RIGHT,  
DOC?

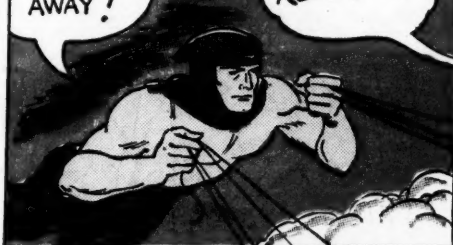
EXCEPT THAT I  
CAN'T STEER MYSELF  
ANY PLACE! CAN  
YOU HELP ME?



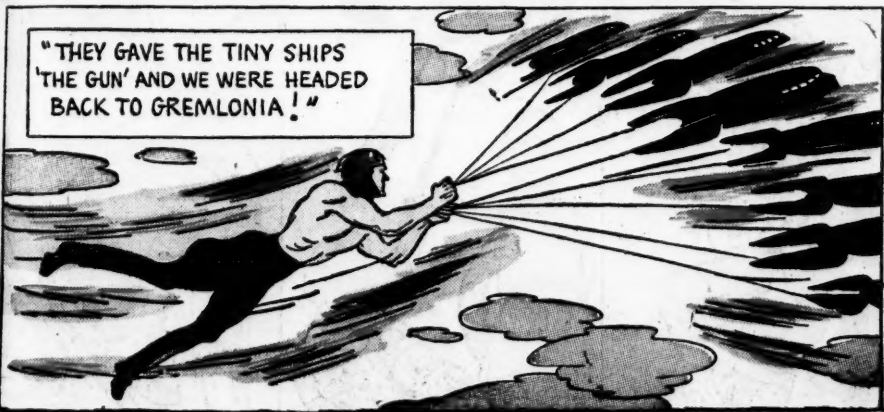
"IN A FEW SECONDS THEY HAD ME  
HITCHED UP LIKE A WAGON ...."

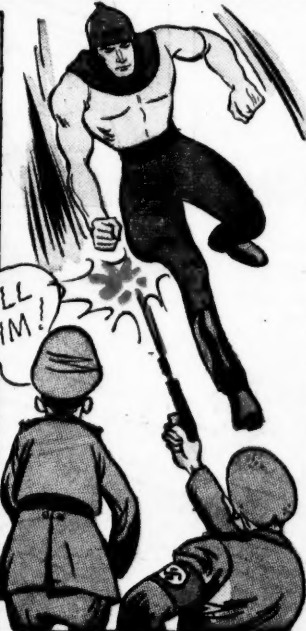
TAKE ME  
AWAY!

READY?



"THEY GAVE THE TINY SHIPS  
'THE GUN' AND WE WERE HEADED  
BACK TO GREMLONIA!"







DAT SO  
FIX  
HEM!

NICE WORK, DOG!  
WE GREMLINS  
COULDN'T HAVE  
DONE BETTER  
OURSELVES!

THANK'S, KINGO.... NOW  
I THINK MONK AND I  
BETTER BE GETTING  
BACK TO EARTH.



HEY!  
HOW ABOUT  
SOMEBODY  
UNTIENG  
ME?

GREMLINS!  
FREE  
HIM!



SAY-DON'T  
YOUR NOSES  
GET SORE FROM  
SAWIN SO  
HARD?

I SHOULD  
SAY NOT! IF  
WE DON'T KEEP  
'EM BUSY SAWIN  
ALL THEIR TEETH  
FALL  
OUT!



"AS MONK WAS ABOUT TO GET UP, HE WAS  
CONFRONTED BY AN ARMY OF FIFENELLOS—  
FEMALE GREMLINS....."

HELLO!....  
WE THINK  
YOU'RE CUTE!

DAT'S NICE,  
'CAUSE I  
T'INK YOU'RE  
CUTE TOO!

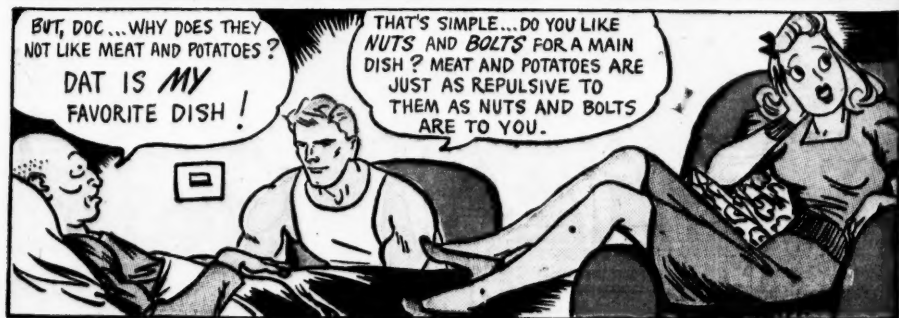


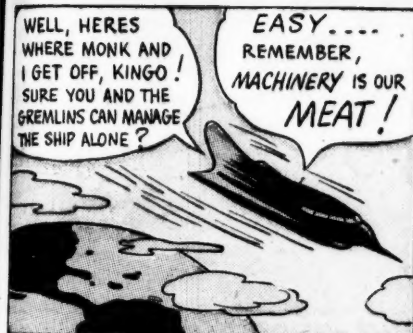
HEY!  
WHAT  
IS  
THIS?

HE LOVES US—  
HE'S OURS—  
WE'LL GO BACK  
TO EARTH WITH HIM.  
WE'LL BE HIS SLAVES!

HE'S STEALIN' OUR  
FIFENELLOS!  
HE CAN'T DO THAT—  
WE'LL MURDER HIM!  
COME ON GREMLINS  
GREMLINIZE HIM!







# NICK CARTER

in "ROUGH ON RATS"



NEVER IN ALL THE MANY CASES WHICH NICK CARTER HAS INVESTIGATED HAS HE RUN INTO AS BIZARRE AND MYSTERIOUS A CASE AS THIS ONE! HOW CAN THE "EXTERMINATOR" KILL A MAN IN A ROOM WHOSE DOOR IS LOCKED ON THE INSIDE? WHAT IS THE CLUE OF THE SNAKELIKE TRACK IN THE DUST? CAN NICK SOLVE THIS RIDDLE IN TIME TO SAVE NOT ONLY HIMSELF BUT CHICK HIS BOY ASSISTANT? READ -- "ROUGH ON RATS!"



WELL--IF YOU SAY-- 'MAY I GO'--  
INSTEAD OF KIN I -- MAYBE I'LL  
LET YOU!

WHEE--MAY I,  
NICK -- HUH?



THE KEY IS IN THE DOOR. HE DID  
LOCK HIMSELF IN AND YET-- CHICK,  
GET THE POLICE.



A WEIRD SIGHT GREET'S THEM--

HOW COULD THIS HAVE HAPPENED  
IN A LOCKED ROOM? THE WINDOW?



THEY HURRY TO--

IT'S NICK CARTER, MR. BLANE,  
OPEN THE DOOR!

IT'S AWFUL  
QUIET IN THERE--



WITH THE AID OF THE POLICE, NICK  
KNOCKS THE DOOR DOWN--

WHAT HAPPENED  
HERE--

THE ROOM IS A  
SHAMBLES! CHICK,  
STAY OUT OF HERE!



THIS IS FANTASTIC! THIS WINDOW  
IS LOCKED ON THE INSIDE. IT CAN'T  
BE OPENED MORE THAN IT IS!







DEEP IN THE UNDERWORLD --



NICK FOLLOWS DIRECTIONS --



AH, GOOD EVENING, FRIEND-WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?



OUR RATES ARE EXTREMELY MODERATE. YES INDEED. SO MODERATE THAT I WILL EXTERMINATE YOU, MR. NICK CARTER AT ABSOLUTELY NO COST TO YOU!



YOU GOT HIM, EH, BOSS?

YES INDEED. THE FOOL- TO THINK HE COULD FOOL ME WITH A DISGUISE. I THINK WE'LL SHOW MR CARTER JUST HOW WE, UH- EXTERMINATED MR. BLANE!



THROW HIM IN HERE, BOYS, AND THEN  
GET THE APPARATUS READY



AH - GOOD- I HOPED YOU'D COME TO IN  
TIME FOR ME TO TELL YOU - YOU WILL  
BE EXTERMINATED THE SAME WAY  
MR. BLANE WAS. THUS, YOU WILL HAVE  
NO UNSOLVED PROBLEMS WHEN YOU,  
AH, LEAVE THIS SPHERE! GOOD-BY,  
MR. CARTER



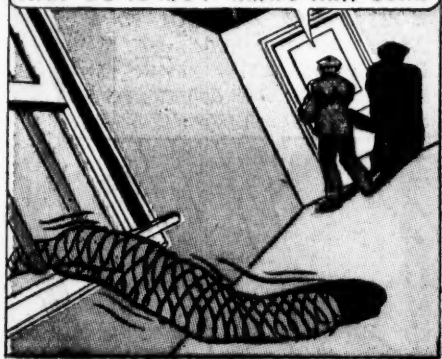
SOMETHING FUNNY HERE! WHY DIDN'T  
THEY TIE ME-OR- ARE THEY SO SURE  
I CAN'T ESCAPE?  
THE WINDOW--



NO USE--THE BARS ARE SET IN  
CONCRETE--THE DOOR--



THE DOOR IS LOCKED-BUT WHAT CAN  
THEY DO TO ME? WHAT'S THAT SOUND-



OF ALL THE FIENDISH  
WAYS TO KILL A MAN!



AN OBSERVATION BALLOON. THEY INFLATE IT AND AS IT GETS BIGGER IT TAKES UP ALL THE ROOM. THEN BACK TO THE WALL-YOU SUFFOCATE IN THE FOLDS OF THE PRESSING SILK! I CAN'T RIP IT- THE FABRIC'S TOO STRONG!



BRAIN, GET BUSY OR THIS IS THE END OF NICK CARTER. I'VE ONLY GOT ABOUT FIVE MINUTES TO LIVE.



CHICK, WHO TRAILED NICK, GETS UNEASY--

GEE- NICK'S BEEN IN THERE AN AWFUL LONG TIME-I BETTER GET THE COPS.



YEAH- NICK'S IN THERE-OK YOU'LL BE HERE IN TEN MINUTES THEN- I'LL WAIT!



BUT IN TEN MINUTES NICK WILL BE DEAD!

MY BELT- THAT'S IT- IF I CAN ONLY REACH IT.

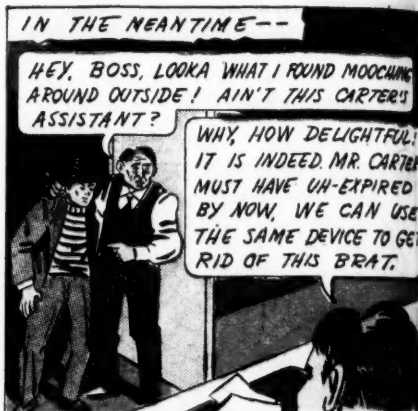


IF I CAN ONLY LAST ANOTHER MINUTE!



WHEW, THE POINT OF MY BUCKLE DID WHAT MY FINGERS COULDN'T!









## THE MASTER OF THEM ALL IS ON THE AIR!

Yes, it's true. Nick Carter, the master sleuth, the scourge of criminals the world over, now has his own radio program—and it's a thriller! Listen to the startling adventures of Nick Carter every Tuesday evening at 9:30 EWT over 208 stations of the Mutual Network. And let criminals beware!

# NICK CARTER

THE MUTUAL NETWORK

(SEE YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPER FOR TIME AND STATION)

THE IMMORTAL CREATION  
OF MARK TWAIN

# HUCKLEBERRY FINN

AND HIS  
SHANTY  
BOAT

by DWG

HUCKLEBERRY,  
THE WIDOW DOUGLAS  
AND HER SISTER,  
MISS WATSON HAVE  
DECIDED TO  
ADOPT YOU.  
YOU BELONG TO  
THEM NOW  
!!

HE  
NEEDS  
A  
BATH

YOU POOR, POOR  
LOST LAMB.  
WE'LL SOON  
CIVILIZE YOU,  
HUCKLEBERRY.

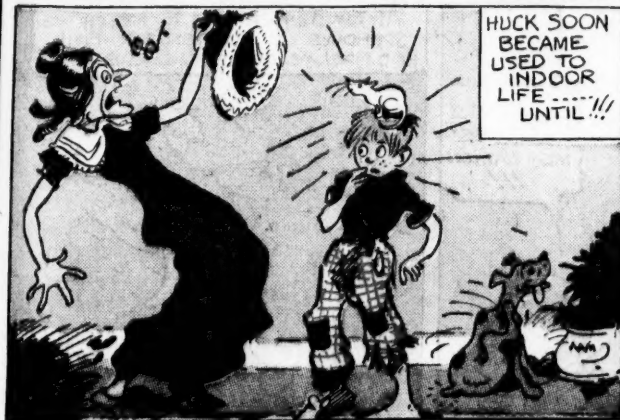
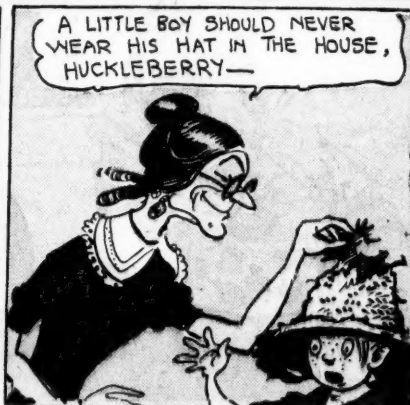
ALL RIGHT,  
JUDGE THATCHER,  
IF YOU SAY SO -

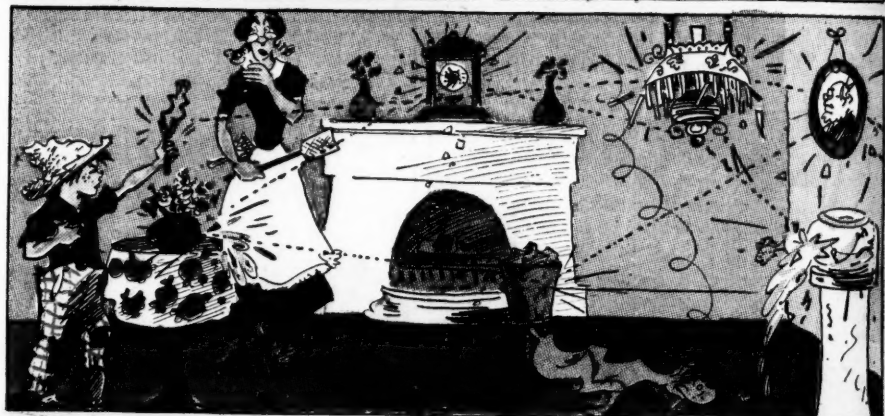
HUCK FINN  
SUMMER VILLA

FISH IN  
WIRMS  
2 CENTS  
PER CAN

CAT FISH  
FOR SALE







I GUESS YOU'D BETTER  
STAY OUTDOORS HUCKLE-  
BERRY! HERE'S A  
QUARTER, GO BUY  
SOME FISH FOR  
DINNER!

TWO BITS!  
FISH! GEE!  
MISS WATSON  
!!!

IF TOM SANYER WAS TO KETCH ME  
SPENDING A QUARTER FOR FISH  
HE'D FIRE ME OUT OF THE CLUB.



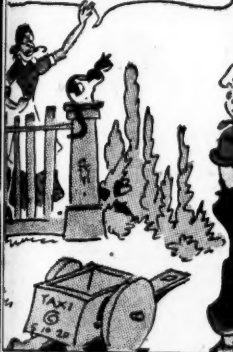
WILL BUY MISS WATSON A PRESENT  
WITH THE QUARTER, SHE'S SO  
GOOD TO ME..... MEBBE—



LOOKY, SCOUT! BY GOLLY,  
THERE'S A DERELICT  
SHANTY BOAT. LET'S  
SWIM OUT AND TOW HER IN.



TOM SAWYER! COME  
HERE A MINUTE!



GO SEE WHAT  
MISS WATSON  
WANTS, TOM.



I SENT HUCKLEBERRY TO GET ME A  
QUARTER'S WORTH OF FISH OVER TWO  
HOURS AGO, AND I NEED IT FOR  
SUPPER... CAN YOU GO FIND HIM?



I THINK I CAN  
FIND HIM

BE RIGHT  
BACK,  
BECKY—

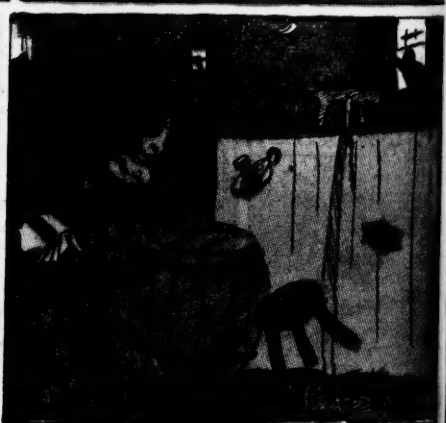
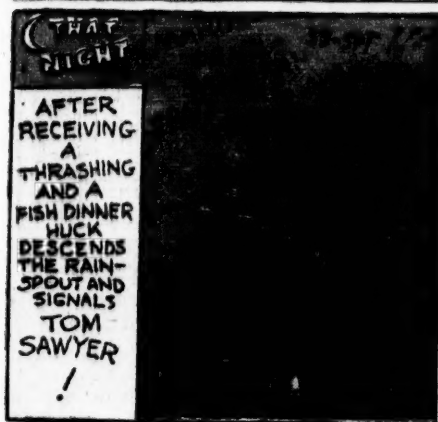
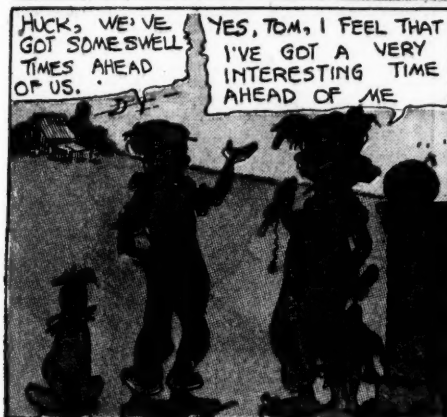


FOR GOSH SAKES,  
HUCK, WHAT  
ARE YOU  
DOING?

SALVAGING  
THIS DERELICT  
SHANTY BOAT,  
TOM...  
COME IN AND  
HELP ME TOW  
HER TO SHORE







WISH SOMEBODY'D  
THROWED A STOVE

ALWAYS CARRY A SPARE  
CORK, TOM, TO CORK  
YOUR FIRST FISH WITH

HOW COME?

STICK IT ON HIS FIN SO  
HE'LL STAY UP TOP - HE  
SWIMS AROUND AND  
TELLS OTHER FISH  
THERE'S NO  
DANGER

LE SOUP  
PLAZA  
TOOT. 5¢

KETCH 'n'  
COOK YOUR  
OWN FISH  
10¢

HUCK FINN'S  
RIVER HOTEL.  
SPESHUL TODAY  
STEWED EEL WITH  
CRAYFISH & PRUNES

CAT FISH &  
CORN PONE  
WITH SORGHAM

IT'S AFTERNOON  
HUCK! TIME WE  
WAS OPENIN'  
OUR HOTEL!



TOM, THE HOTEL IS A FLOP. WHEN WE GET ANY CUSTOMERS ON BOARD, SHE TIPS UP AND SPILLS 'EM INTO THE RIVER, AND THEY DEMAND DAMAGES.

IT'S THESE LOGS, HUCK. LET'S BUILD A BARGE UNDER HER.

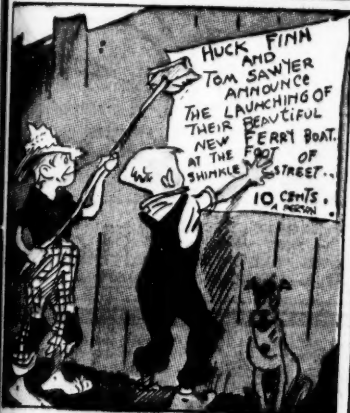


NEV  
ACCI  
THIS E  
BUT H  
TO TH  
PRES  
JUST

REMOVED TO  
IT'S NEW  
LOCATION THE  
SHANTY BOAT  
PRESENTS  
PROBLEMS  
THAT HUCK  
AND TOM DID  
NOT FORESEE!

LET'S MAKE HER  
INTO A FERRY BOAT,  
TOM.... A HOTEL  
IS TOO MUCH COOKING  
AND DISHWASHING.

SWELL, HUCK!  
DIME A TRIP.  
DOGS, FREE.



NEVER HAD ANY  
ACCIDENTS ON  
THIS BOAT MAM,  
BUT HANG ON  
TO THE LIFE  
PRESERVER,  
JUST IN CASE.



WATCH !!  
FOR MORE OF HUCK'S  
ADVENTURES  
IN OUR  
NEXT  
ISSUE!



# FRENCH POM-POM TROUBLE

BY  
ED. GRUSKIN AND  
CHARLES WESSELL



WHEN GREEKS MEET GREEKS, THEY OPEN A RESTAURANT,  
(SO THE SAYING GOES) — BUT WHEN U.S. SAILORS  
MEET FRENCH SAILORS, THE ONLY THING THAT IS  
OPENED ARE THE U.S. SAILORS' EYES ———

WE IS BROKE, MUDDY!  
WE IS JUST AS FAR  
SEPARATED FROM A  
THIN DIME  
AS A MIYUN  
DOLLARS!

AN' TO THINK  
WE HAD A  
MONTH'S PAY  
WHEN WE COME  
ASHORE! MONEY  
IS FICKLE  
JUS' LIKE  
WIMMIN'!

KEEP  
OFF

YEAH! MONEY'S  
YOURS ONE MINIT  
AN' SOMEBODY ELSE'S  
TH' NEXT — LIKE  
THEM TWO DAMES  
WE WAS TREATIN'  
TO CHOCOLATE  
SODAS LAS' NITE!

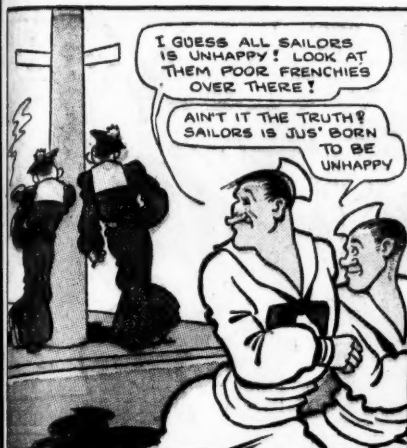
YEAH! JUST 'CAUSE  
THEM MARINES COMES  
BY AN' OFFERS 'EM  
SODAS WIT TWO DIPS  
O' ICE CREAM — THEY  
LEAVES  
US FLAT!

TO ILLUSTRATE OUR POINT—LET'S GO BACK  
TO THE DAY WE FOUND TWO, TRUE BLUE U.S.  
SAILORS—"UPAN" ATEM AND "MUDDY" WATERS —  
AFTER 24 HOURS OF SHORE LIBERTY!

## EDITOR'S NOTE—

It's considered good luck to kiss a French sailor  
wearing one of their pompon caps, but it  
wasn't such good luck for Muddy and Upan.









ANSWER PLEASE, UPAN! WHAT IS IT, WHAT FRENCH SAILORS HAS, THAT WE HASN'T — AN' WHAT THE ALL-RIGHT DAMES WANT?

IT IS THE VERY QUESTION I AM ASKING MYSELF AT THIS VERY MOMENT, MUDDY!

IF YOUSE ASKS ME, I SAY AMERICAN ALL-RIGHT DAMES IS UN-AMERICAN! — THEY PREFERS IMPORTED GOBS TO HOME-MADE!

YOUSE IS RIGHT, UPAN! BUT LIKE I SAID, WIMMIN' AN' MONEY IS FICKLE!

MUDDY! I GOT TH' ANSWER! I KNOW WHAT THE FRENCH SAILORS HAS THAT WE AIN'T, AN' WHAT TH' ALL-RIGHT DAMES WANT!

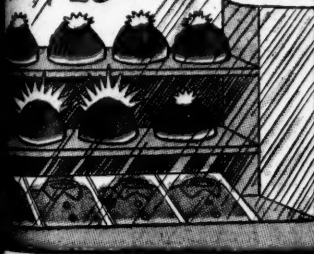
UPAN! YOU IS A GENIUS!

A SHORT TIME LATER, AFTER MUDDY AND UPAN HAVE BORROWED A COUPLE O' BUCKS FROM A BROTHER SAILOR ---- (IT COULD ONLY HAPPEN HERE) ----

MAYBE NOT, BUT THEY IS WHAT THE ALL-RIGHT DAMES WANT AND TH' ALL-RIGHT DAMES IS WHAT WE WANT!

**MEN'S WEAR**  
23

BUT UPAN! THESE POM-POMS ON TOP O' OUR HATS AIN'T REGULATION!





AH-H-H! HERE IS A COUPLE  
RIGHT NOW! GET READY,  
MUDDY.- JUST WIGGLE YER  
POM-POM AT 'EM !!

YOUSE HAS SAID  
THEY WILL DO TH'  
REST!- I HOPE  
YOUSE IS RIGHT!



AT YOUR SERVICE!-YOU  
ALL-RIGHT DAMES WITH 'TNT'!

WHAT IS THIS?

JUST RUB THE  
POM-POMS AN' DO  
TH' REST!



JUST RUB THE POM-POMS, AN' AFTER YOUSE KISS  
US WE WILL TELL YOUSE IF WE WOULD  
LIKE TO TAKE YOUSE OUT FOR A SODA!

KISS YOU!-OF ALL TH' NERVE!



AIN'T YOUSE  
GONNA RUB  
THE  
POM-POMS?

TSK! GUESS  
YOUSE IS  
BASHFUL !

NO!

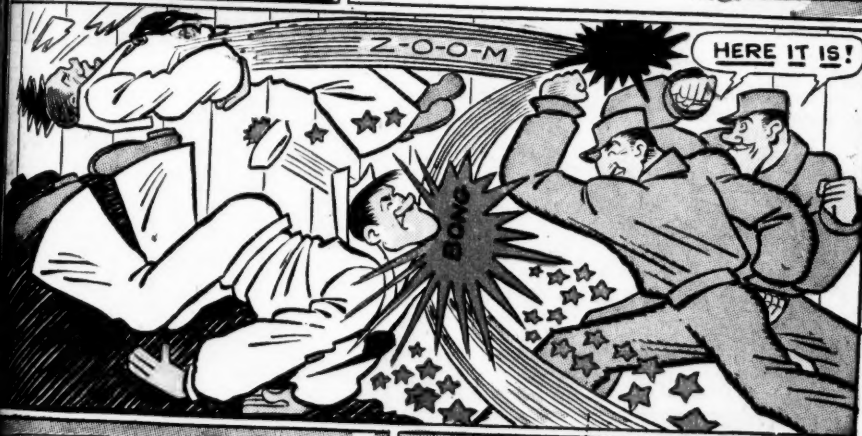
S THIS?

WE IS NOT  
BASHFUL  
SO WE  
WILL HELP  
YOUS!

IT IS A PLEASURE  
TO BE OF HELP  
TO SUCH NICE  
ALL-RIGHTS!

COME, COME, GIRLS! WE IS WAITIN' FOR WHAT COMES NEXT!

B-Z-Z-Z  
B-Z-Z-Z

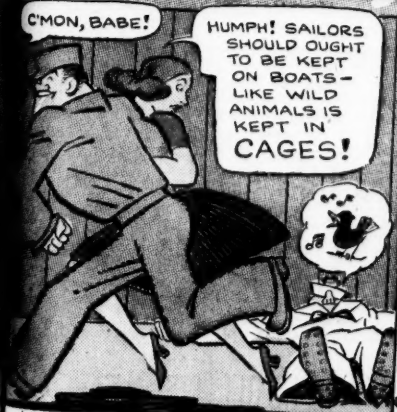


C'MON, BABE!

HUMPH! SAILORS  
SHOULD OUGHT  
TO BE KEPT  
ON BOATS -  
LIKE WILD  
ANIMALS IS  
KEPT IN  
CAGES!

WHAT HAPPENED,  
UPAN? - ALL I  
REMEMBER IS  
PUCKERIN' UP  
FER A KISS!

ME TOO! IF  
DAT WAS A KISS,  
THEN I KNOW  
WHAT SOME GUYS  
MEAN WHEN DEY  
SAY THEIR DAMES  
IS DYNAMITE!







MUDDY! THERE GOES TH' TWO FRENCHES WHICH HAS GOT US INTO ALL OF THIS TROUBLE! LET'S ASK THEM WHAT IT IS THEY GOT AND WE AIN'T!

OPEN  
SERVICE  
MEN'S  
CANTINE  
WELCOME

HOPE IT  
AIN'T A FRENCH  
MILITARY  
SECRET!

EVEN THOUGH WE PUT ON POM-POMS LIKE YOURS—WHEN WE TRY TO KISS A GIRL—IT DON'T WORK!

??

SI JE LE REGARDE BEAUCOUP BIEN, PEUT ETRE JE PUIS ME SOUVIENS! (IF I KEEP LOOKING AT HIM REAL HARD MAYBE I'LL REMEMBER!)

THE DAMES DON'T WANT A KISS US—THEY WANTS TO FIGHT!

LA GUERRE! OUI, NOUS SOMMES PRETES. NOUS VOULONS DE BONHEUR! C'EST BIEN. C'EST LA GUERRE! (FIGHT? YES, WE ARE READY TO FIGHT! WE WANT SOME FUN AND EXCITEMENT! WE ACCEPT! WE FIGHT YOU!)

IT'S LIKE THIS, BUDDY! WE WANT TO KNOW HOW YOUSE CAN KISS DAMES AND GET AWAY WITH IT? WHAT'S TH' GIMMICK?—TH' GAG?—TH' SECRET?

PARBLEU! JE L'AI VU AVANT! (I COULD SWEAR I HAVE SEEN HIM BEFORE!)

I COULD SWEAR I SEEN HIM BEFORE!







# THE WORLD'S CHAMPION PICKER OF BASEBALL TALENT

AN INTIMATE PICTORIAL  
STORY OF BRANCH RICKEY

BY

THORNTON FISHER



PRESIDENT OF THE  
DODGERS

THORNTON FISHER  
DODGERS' QUARTERS  
BROOKLYN, N.Y.



## BROOKLYN NATIONAL LEAGUE BASEBALL CLUB

*Dodgers*OFFICES  
215 MONTAGUE ST.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

GAMES AT  
EBBETS FIELD

Dear Thornton;

I am happy as you suggested to give you for what they are some thoughts that have occurred to me in that connection. Of course, there are certain basic physical possessions needed to carry a ball player to the major leagues. In our game they have been somewhat reduced to formula. A prospective major leaguer should have speed afoot, a great throwing arm and power at the plate. Ideally he should have all three.

But of major importance, along with these physical requisites, is the intensity with which a boy likes to play ball and likes to win. I seek men to whom baseball is an all-consuming thing--courageous, energetic, intelligent fellows who are continuously impelled by a desire to excel but who are possessed of a team spirit that puts their team above their personal welfare. But these are things that are not restricted in their application to ball players.

With kind personal regards.

Sincerely yours,

Branch Rickey  
PresidentA LETTER FROM PRESIDENT  
RICKEY OF THE BROOKLYN CLUB

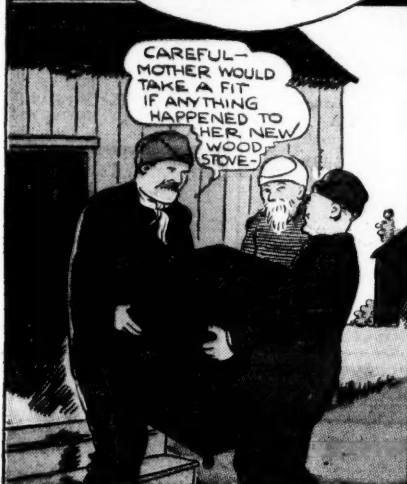
YOU'VE GOT  
ASTIGMATISM.  
BROTHER--GO  
GET YOURSELF  
SOME BIFOCALS-



THE STORY OF  
BRANCH W. RICKEY, NEW  
PRESIDENT OF THE BROOKLYN  
DODGERS SOUNDS LIKE  
FABULOUS FICTION — A MASTER-  
MIND IN EVERYTHING IN WHICH HE  
ENGAGED — IN NOVEMBER, 1942  
HE LEFT THE CARDINAL CHAMPIONS  
TO SUCCEED HIS OLD FRIEND, LARRY  
MACPHAIL, AS THE HEAD MAN AND  
DRIVING FORCE OF THE DODGERS —  
HIS ABILITY TO FIND AND SELECT  
GREAT PLAYERS IS UNCANNY  
AND HE CAME UP THE HARD  
WAY — FOUGHT EVERY INCH  
OF THE PATH TO THE TOP —  
LET'S BEGIN —



BRANCH RICKEY WAS BORN ON A COLD  
DAY, DECEMBER 20<sup>TH</sup>, 1871, NEAR THE VILLAGE  
OF STOCKDALE, OHIO — FOURTEEN MILES  
FROM A RAILROAD — (2<sup>ND</sup> OF THREE SONS)



WHEN HE WAS THREE MONTHS OLD  
THE FAMILY MOVED TO A THREE-HUNDRED  
ACRE FARM ON LITTLE BUCK KNOB—  
(OHIO) EVEN FARTHER FROM "CIVILIZATION"



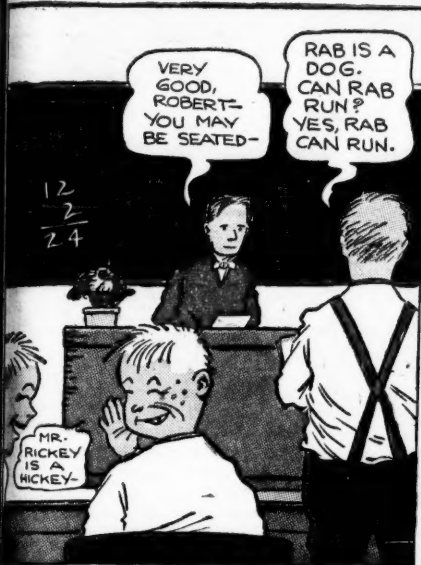
HIS FATHER JACOB  
FRANKLIN RICKEY, KNOWN  
AS UNCLE FRANK, WAS  
A DEEPLY RELIGIOUS  
MAN — HIS MOTHER WAS  
FORMERLY MISS EMILY  
BROWN —



WITH HIS BROTHERS, YOUNG  
RICKEY HELPED HIS FATHER WORK  
THE BIG FARM—AND IT WAS HARD LABOR

OLD  
VILLAIN  
ILES  
SONS)

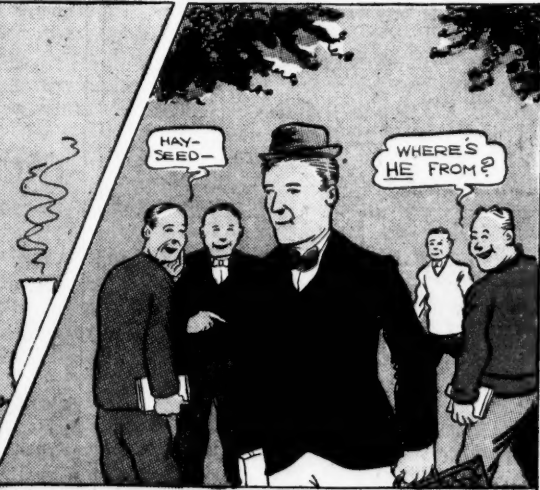
8  
KNOW  
K, WAI  
DOUB  
ER W  
EMILY



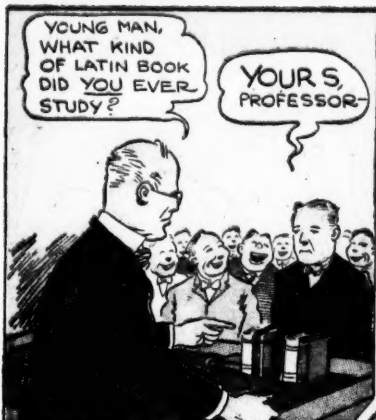
BRANCH WANTED TO BE A LAWYER - AT 17 YEARS OF AGE HE PASSED THE COUNTY TEACHERS' EXAMINATION AND STARTED TO TEACH IN THE TURKEY CREEK SCHOOL DISTRICT-PIKE COUNTY, OHIO-



WITHOUT ANYONE KNOWING IT, YOUNG RICKEY BOUGHT A LATIN GRAMMAR AND STUDIED IT WITHOUT BENEFIT OF A TEACHER-



TWO YEARS LATER HE WAS ADMITTED TO OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, AT DELAWARE, OHIO, AS A FRESHMAN IN THE SPRING TERM- THE YOUNG FELLOW FROM THE "STICKS" ATTRACTED THE ATTENTION OF OLDER STUDENTS-AT LEAST HE WAS DIFFERENT-



ONE OF THE FUNNY INCIDENTS AT WESLEYAN WAS WHEN HE WAS TO RECITE IN THE LATIN CLASS—HIS INSTRUCTOR WAS PROF GROVE—AS A BRANCH WAS RECITING WITH SELF-ASSURANCE, THE PROFESSOR, WITH DISGUST, INTERRUPTED HIM AND ASKED THE ABOVE QUESTION—AND RECEIVED THE ANSWER—IT STOPPED THE SHOW—



THE YOUTH NEEDED MONEY FOR HIS COLLEGE EDUCATION SO HE BECAME A PROFESSIONAL BASEBALL CATCHER, STARTING AT LA MAR, IOWA, IN 1902—THIS WAS SUMMER MONEY—



THE FOLLOWING YEAR (1903) HE WAS ENGAGED BY DALLAS—TEXAS LEAGUE—AS A CATCHER FOR THAT CLUB—STILL EARNING MONEY TO CONTINUE HIS EDUCATION—



ALSO IN THE AUTUMNS OF 1902-1903 HE WORKED AS A PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL PLAYER AT SHELBY, OHIO—ANY HONEST ATHLETIC JOB WAS RIGHT DOWN HIS ALLEY—

1904 BRANCH OF  
DEGREE OF  
LITERATURE FROM  
WESLEYAN  
1905 HE JOINED THE  
LOUIS BROWNS REMAINING  
WITH THAT CLUB THROUGH  
1906  
THEN HE RECEIVED HIS  
BACHELOR OF ARTS  
DEGREE FROM WESLEYAN  
IN 1907 HE BECAME  
CATCHER FOR THE N.Y.  
HIGHLANDERS—NOW THE  
YANKEES—



ON JUNE 28<sup>TH</sup>, 1907, WHILE RICKEY WAS CATCHING FOR  
THE HIGHLANDERS AGAINST THE WASHINGTON NATIONALS  
(NOW THE SENATORS) 13 BASES WERE STOLEN BY  
WASHINGTON—THE LARGEST NUMBER OF BASES  
EVER STOLEN IN A NINE-INNING GAME IN THE  
AMERICAN LEAGUE BY ANY TEAM—

THIS DISEASE  
PICKED ON  
THE WRONG  
GUY—



WHILE TEACHING ELEMENTARY  
LAW AT OHIO WESLEYAN IN  
1909 HE WAS STRICKEN  
WITH TUBERCULOSIS—NOW HE  
HAD A REAL FIGHT ON  
HIS HANDS AT SARANAC  
LAKE, N.Y.

CHANGE YOUR  
PACE, GEORGE—  
NOW GIVE HIM  
A FAST ONE  
INSIDE—



LICKING THAT AFFLICTION, HE  
ENTERED THE UNIVERSITY OF  
MICHIGAN LAW SCHOOL, SEPT 15<sup>TH</sup>,  
1909, WHERE AT THE SAME TIME  
HE COACHED MICHIGAN'S BASEBALL  
TEAM—IN 1911 HE GRADUATED  
FROM MICHIGAN WITH THE DEGREE  
DOCTOR OF JURISPRUDENCE—





AFTER GRADUATION HE PRACTICED LAW BRIEFLY IN BOISE CITY, IDAHO, BUT HIS REAL THRILL WAS IN BASEBALL — HE RETURNED TO THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN TO COACH IN 1912 AND THE SAME YEAR HE JOINED THE ST. LOUIS BROWNS AS A SCOUT —



IN 1913 HE BECAME FIELD MANAGER OF THE BROWNS AND HELD THIS JOB THROUGH THE 1914 AND 1915 SEASONS —

IN 1917 HE WAS MADE PRESIDENT OF THE ST. LOUIS CARDINALS —



AS HEAD OF THE CARDINALS HE BUILT UP A MAGNIFICENT CLUB AND ORIGINATED THE BASEBALL "FARM SYSTEM" —

THIS REALLY REVOLUTIONIZED BASEBALL AND BROUGHT THE CARDINALS SIX NATIONAL LEAGUE AND FOUR WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS

BRANCH REMAINED WITH THE CARDINALS UNTIL NOV. 1942 WHEN HE WENT TO BROOKLYN



IN THE FIRST WORLD WAR HE WAS MAJOR BRANCH W. RICKEY IN CHEMICAL WARFARE SERVICE—WITH THE A.E.F. IN FRANCE —

COME ON, DIZZY!!



HE DEVELOPED THE 'KNOT HOLE GANG' FOR BOYS AND LATER THE CARDINAL GIRLS CLUB WHICH PROVIDED FREE ADMISSION FOR YOUNGSTERS SELECTED BY TEACHERS, MINISTERS AND SOCIAL WORKERS.

I'LL GET THE CASH-REGISTER AND LOOK 'EM UP—

LET'S SEE, ED, HOW MANY CLUBS AM I VICE-PRESIDENT OF NOW?

AS HEAD OF THE FAMOUS CARDINAL 'GAS-HOUSE GANG' HE WAS VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE ROCHESTER, N.Y. CLUB, COLUMBUS, O. CLUB, SACRAMENTO, CAL. CLUB, HOUSTON, TEXAS CLUB AND A NUMBER OF OTHERS—

HE LIKES HUNTING, FISHING, POULTRY RAISING AND FARMING—IN HIS FARM HOME HE HAS A PIPE ORGAN—HE LISTENS TO IT BY THE HOUR WHEN A FRIEND PLAYS IT—ALL PRETTY GOOD, FOR A BOY FROM THE OHIO BACK COUNTRY—



THORNTON FISHER



ONCE EVERY  
THOUSAND YEARS WE  
BUILD UP ENERGY TO  
MOVE ABOUT IN OUR  
FRAMES OF BONE FOR  
A BRIEF PERIOD.....THEN  
WE MUST GO BACK TO THE  
STILL OF  
THE DEAD!



AND WE MAY HAVE  
BRIEF COMMUNICATION  
BY MEANS OF RATTLING  
OUR BONES....IN A CODE  
THAT IS KNOWN ONLY  
TO OUR SKELETON  
PEOPLE!

YES!

YES!

ONE  
OF THE  
FLESH PEOPLE  
POSSESSES A LIGHT THAT  
WILL KEEP US IN ENERGY  
AS LONG AS WE WISH AND TO DO  
AS WE WISH!



I'LL CAPTURE  
THAT LIGHT! WE'LL  
REBUILD OUR ANCIENT  
CITY....WE WILL WAR  
ON FLESH PEOPLE AND  
MAKE THEM BE SKELETONS  
LIKE US...TO BE OUR SLAVES!



READY TO CAPTURE THE FIRST OF THE FLESH PEOPLE, KING OSSIANO STARTS FOR ASTRON'S ISLAND CASTLE.



I TAKE POSSESSION OF THIS LIGHT. NO LONGER MAY SHE HAVE USE FOR IT!



HE DIRECTS ME SOMEWHERE YONDER.... I KNOW NOT WHENCE.... BUT I MUST OBEY!



SCENTING NO FLESH, THE "CROCS" ARE NOT DISTURBED BY OSSIANO



OH-H-H!  
'TIS DEATH WHICH HAS COME UPON ME AT LAST!

DIRECTED BY THE GRIM SKELETON KING, ASTRON OBEYS HIS POINTING FINGER... SHE DRIVES HER GREAT AMPHIBIANS TOWARD THE FAR SHORE, BELIEVING SURELY THAT THIS WAS THE END.



HE SURPRISES ASTRON ON THE GROUNDS OF HER CASTLE

WHAT HELP DOES SHE ANTICIPATE FROM THE THIN AIR ABOVE?

MAN OF THE SKY, WHEREVER YOU ARE, YOU CAN NOT RESCUE ME FROM THIS FATE!





ONE OF THE  
FLESH PEOPLE!  
DESTROY  
HER NOW!

NO! SHE MUST BE  
CONFINED IN THE DUNGEON  
UNTIL SHE SLOWLY  
BECOMES ONE OF US!

YOU UNDERSTAND  
NOT THE CODE OF  
OUR RATTLING BONES,  
BUT HERE YOU STAY  
WHILE WE CONQUER  
ALL THE PEOPLE  
OF THE FLESH!

WHAT MEANS  
THIS STRANGE  
TRANSFORMATION?

HOW DID  
HE GET IN  
THERE? WHAT  
HARM MAY HE  
HAVE WROUGHT  
ON OUR KING?

AMID A HORRID  
RATTLING OF  
BONES, THE  
SKELETONS  
BOUNCED UPON  
HIM!

SEE! ONE OF THE  
PEOPLE OF FLESH  
EMERGES FROM THE  
CHAMBER OF  
OUR KING!

BUT THE LIGHT  
HAD RESTORED  
HIS YOUTH TO  
KING OSSIANO

DESTROY THE  
MAN OF FLESH!

IN THE CLAMOR  
AND CONFUSION  
ASTRON MAKES  
HER ESCAPE.

UNKNOWINGLY, THEY QUICKLY DISPATCHED THEIR KING!

ASTRON, WITH HER CROCODILE TEAM, DASHES AWAY.



GO, KAAGA!  
GO  
KAANGA!

PURSUE HER! BY  
SOME MAGIC OF THE  
FLESH PEOPLE, OUR  
KING HAS  
DISAPPEARED!



CEPHALOPHILUS MAKES COMMON



FORWARD! OUR  
ANCIENT SECRET  
OF WALKING ON  
WATER WILL  
PREVAIL OVER THE  
FLESH PEOPLE!

YOU SAY SKELETONS  
CAPTURED YOU?  
OF COURSE I BELIEVE  
YOU, ASTRON... BUT...  
HOW....



HEY!  
WHAT THE  
HECK?



LOOK, MAN OF THE  
SKY! THEY COME!  
THEY WALK ON  
THE WAVES!  
WE ARE  
DOOMED!

HURRY INTO  
MY PLANE TILL I  
GET THIS KIND OF  
FIGURED OUT!



YES!  
YES!

LET ME GET SOME ALTITUDE... AND I'LL LOOK AGAIN AND FIND OUT IF I SAW WHAT I THOUGHT I SAW!

MAN OF THE SKY, YOUR MAGIC SURPASSES ALL THE POWERS OF ORACLES OF OLD!

WHAT A SIGHT! COLUMNS OF SKELETONS MARCHING ON THE WATER... AND TOWARD YOUR ISLAND!

'TIS AN ARMY OF DEATH AND IT SEEKS TO DESTROY US!

NO USE SHOOTING AT A BUNCH OF BONES! I THINK I'LL JUST SCRAMBLE THEM!

SUDDENLY, THE PILOT SWOOPED AND CRASHED THE COLUMN OF SKELETONS MARCHING ON THE SURFACE OF THE LAKE!

IT IS WELL THAT THE MAGIC OF YOUR PEOPLE STANDS FOR RIGHTNESS!

WELL, THAT'S THAT, ASTRON! GOTTA GET BACK ON MY REGULAR JOB NOW!

EVEN INTO THAT NIGHT, THE AIR WAS FILLED WITH A MASS OF FALLING DISINTEGRATING SKELETONS!

THAT BRAVE MAN OF THE SKY... HE MUST BE OF A PEOPLE WHO WILL CRUSH OPPRESSORS AND AGENTS OF EVIL!

YOU SAID IT, SISTER... HE IS AN AMERICAN!

# MY OUTFIT

by THE SHARPSHOOTER

Just as a high-school boy owns a fierce loyalty to his school, class and fraternity, so does a soldier take pride in boasting of his regiment, his company and his squad. To a soldier, there's nothing quite as fine as his "outfit." A high-ranking army officer—Major General James A. Ulio, The Adjutant General, War Department—once expressed this thought, in real old soldier's language, when he said that morale is that intangible something which makes a soldier believe that he is a member of "the best squad in the best platoon in the best company of the best battalion of the best regiment of the best division of the best damn army in the world!"

The step-up, from the squad unit through successive stages of army organization, exemplifies the soldier's loyalty to his diverse elements. To the average civilian a soldier is identified only as a member of that division represented by the cloth shoulder patch on the upper left sleeve of the man's coat, or, at best, as a member of the regiment denoted by the metal regimental insignia device worn on the man's coat lapels. Nothing could be further from reality, as any soldier will tell you. There are many ramifications in an army organization, and it makes for intensely interesting reading.

In factory, shop, or office, men are grouped according to the type of machine they operate or the work they do as a group. The same thing is true of school and college, where students are grouped by classes according to their scholastic progress and the number of individuals that each teacher can instruct. By the same token, local police and fire departments are divided into precincts or areas located in different parts of the city with one particular man in charge of each station. All of this grouping and arranging is for the purpose of getting things done the best way and without waste of time or effort. Suppose, for instance,

a big fire broke out in your city and the fire chief had to telephone each fireman and tell the individual fireman what to do—fat chance of saving many buildings in that case! So, in order to direct firemen (and policemen, clerks, mechanics, and students) in their concerted efforts and to produce efficiency instead of confusion, they are divided into groups of a size which experience has shown one man can direct and control. In charge of these groups are the foremen, chief clerks, teachers, precinct captains and fire-station leaders.

The same arrangement obtains in the army of the United States today, and for the same purpose. The squad is the smallest element or group in the infantry and cavalry; it is the largest unit that can be effectively controlled by the voice and signals of its leader—a corporal. In size the squad may vary from four to sixteen members, depending upon what kind of an "outfit" it is. A rifle squad, for instance, is composed of riflemen, whereas a machine-gun squad employs the "chatter-gun," as old-timers call it, as its principal weapon, and in a mortar squad the shooting iron is the powerful little mortar.

A section is the smallest fighting unit of the artillery commands, and in combat the members of the section are usually close enough to the gun they fire so that their leader, a sergeant, can control them:

Several squads of infantry or cavalry soldiers, or two sections of artillerymen, make up the platoon, which is the next higher unit of army organization. Of a strength of between forty and fifty men, it is under the command of a lieutenant. Naturally, in a unit of the size of a platoon, it becomes difficult for its commander, the lieutenant, to directly control all individuals of his platoon—so the lieutenant transmits his orders to his squad (or section) leaders, and the squads or sections can then be scattered far and wide over the battle ter-

rain but still under the platoon leader's guidance and direction.

Next we have the company (for infantry), troop (cavalry) or battery (artillery), an element usually consisting of three or four platoons and commanded by a captain. Here, in the person of this captain commanding a company, troop, or battery, is the real "team leader." Old soldiers call him The Old Man, and there's nothing disrespectful in that term; it bespeaks only the veteran soldier's admiration for a leader who is at one and the same time father, Dutch Uncle, friend and helpful counselor and fighting headman for his group of between 200 and 300 men. It is this Old Man who is responsible for feeding, clothing and training of the outfit and who leads the company into battle. Here, again, one sees the necessity for group-within-group organization; obviously, even the best of company commanders cannot go up and down a firing line telling each man what to do; that's why he has his platoon leaders to whom to transmit his battle orders.

In the infantry and the artillery, three or four companies (or batteries) are grouped to form a battalion; similarly, in the cavalry, troops are grouped as squadrons. These battalions and squadrons are under the command of a major or a lieutenant colonel. Then comes the regiment, composed of two or more (generally three) battalions or squadrons and commanded by a colonel. So now you see how each unit, from a four-man squad right up to the 500- or 1,000-man battalion fits into its definite place in the "regimental team," with each unit so organized that one man is able to control it so that the full "punch" of the team as a whole can be directed toward the common purpose of victory.

The army air forces are broken down into sections and squadrons. There's the administrative section, for instance, which handles the squadron headquarters, mess and transportation; the technical section, responsible for the squadron's engineering, supply, communication, photography, and the repairs; and the flight section, which operates and maintains the aircraft of the squadron. In the same way, in certain elements of our armored force the smallest unit will be the four-man crew of a scout car or a combat car.

The primary mission of all this organization is, of course, to develop the whole and weld

an efficient fighting team. But to be able to accomplish this mission and to fight efficiently the team must be fed, clothed, and supplied with all necessary equipment. To accomplish this, each company (or battery, troop, or squadron) has a company headquarters, the three key men of which are its first sergeant, the mess sergeant, and the supply sergeant.

The first sergeant—called The Top by old soldiers—is in a position like that of a chief clerk in a civilian office. He is the company commander's right-hand man, handling all the administrative details and publishing the orders of the unit commander. The mess sergeant with his cooks secures and prepares the food the soldiers of that unit eat, and the supply sergeant issues clothing and equipment to the men of the company and exchanges it when it has become worn out or damaged through fair wear and tear in the government business.

This, then, is army organization. This is "the team," in the same sense that a high-school student thinks of his varsity eleven or baseball nine. Taken altogether, from the squad up to the regiment, it is what a soldier is thinking of when, drawing himself up to his full height, pulling his shoulders back and with a proud gleam in his eyes, he announces, full-voiced, "Mister, that's my outfit!"

By the same token, the good soldier counts as part of the outfit that post, fort, camp or station at which his regiment is garrisoned permanently. And there's a mighty good reason that the soldier should own that same feeling of pride for the post as for the outfit.

In the final analysis, an army post (or fort, camp, or station) is just like the "home town" from which the soldier comes as a civilian. The recruit soon finds that although he has exchanged civilian community for military community there are many activities on the army post corresponding in general to what he had known in civil life.

Take the post barber shop, and the post tailor shop, for two typical examples.

All soldiers are required to have a short haircut, known as a "military haircut." This is done both for sanitary reasons and in order to secure the men's uniform appearance when at chapel, in mess hall, or other indoor assemblages where they will appear with their hats off. It certainly wouldn't look uniform, or at all military, for a few men to have long, music maestro haircombs, while the majority of the



men had their hair cut to the regulation one half inch on top.

At the post tailor shop, skilled civilian tailors are prepared to clean and press soldiers' uniforms and to make any necessary alterations and repairs. The soldier is required to pay for this service, naturally, just as he pays for any barber work done; but the prices are fixed by the post commander so that they are always well within the soldier's financial reach.

Corresponding to the community center in the old home town is the post exchange. This is really a general store, where soldiers can buy most of the necessities and some of the luxuries of the service; it is also a gathering place where, over a coke (or, at the "post ex" bar) soldiers swap tall tales, personal experiences and other palaver dear to the heart of fighting men. The post exchange is operated under the supervision of the post commander and an officer, specifically designated for that duty, known as the post exchange officer. These post exchanges are first, last and always for the soldiers, and all profits made by these exchanges on their sale to the military personnel exclusively go back to those same soldiers who by their purchases made those profits possible. That is, the profits go to the soldiers in the form of recreational activities, the furnishing of day rooms (recreation rooms) and similar benefits all accruing to the enlisted men alone. The average post exchange operates, in addition to a general store (where candy, soft drinks, toilet articles, writing materials, et cetera, are sold), a shoe-repair shop, a cafeteria or quick-lunch counter, and a bar where, today, nothing more potent than "near beer" of 3.2 alcoholic content is sold.

Another famous gathering place and popular feature of army post life is the War Department Theater, where the latest motion pictures are shown. This is operated by the Army Motion Picture Service, and there are usually two shows shown nightly, one beginning about 6 and the second show at about 8 o'clock. As a rule, the feature shown is changed three times weekly, so that the soldier can see three up-to-date pictures weekly without having to go to town. The price of admission to these War Department Theaters is very small, tickets usually being twenty cents (or even less when the soldier buys a blocking book of tickets). \*

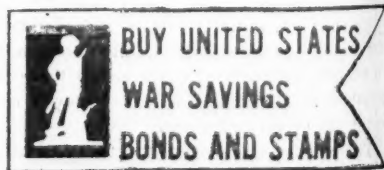
Then, of course, there's the Post Service Club (or USO hut or other special service recreational building); there, visiting dramatic companies, vaudeville artists or screen, stage and radio celebrities entertain the men at least once a week. There, too, the men stage their post dances, socials, and other off-duty recreational shindigs.

Now, put all these things together—squad, platoon, company, battalion, regiment—add the individual soldier's post to it, and you can begin to understand the diversity of things he means when he says, with proud accent, "That's my outfit!" You can't make him believe that it's not the best outfit in this man's army—not by a long shot!

One thing only he'll concede (and this really comes under the heading of his *outfit*, too)—and that is that, "Oh, well, maybe the Second Infantry is a pretty good outfit, too," (if he belongs to the First Infantry, say, or the Third Infantry); or, "Yeah, I guess the Fifth Field Artillery is almost as good as my outfit" (if he's a member of the Fourth Field Artillery or the Sixth Field Artillery).

But the memory of soldiering man goeth not back to any time when you'd catch an infantryman, of whatever regiment, admitting that any field artillery (or coast artillery, cavalry, engineer, et cetera) regiment could compare with the sorriest infantry regiment in the land. And this obtains for the men of the other branches, too—to a field artilleryman, all other branches of the service just don't rate; to a cavalryman, all other soldiers are "foot sloggers"—and so on down the line, with the tankers and air corpsmen holding that their respective outfits are, after all's said and done, the only ones that count in this army.

There's a lot to be said for that spirit. It's pride of organization. *Esprit de corps*. So, when you hear a soldier sounding off about "my outfit," you may be sure you're listening to a real contented, proud fighting man.



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